

INNER & OUTER

A Collection of Inspirations in Poems

Dheena Subramanian

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(A Collection of Inspirations in Poems)

DHEENA SUBRAMANIAN

This book is dedicated to my daughter,

Naveena

Who carefully typed these poems from my old diaries.

FOREWORD

Dheena Subramanian has ambitiously endeavored to fuse the inner and the outer realities of mind in his poetry book, “Inner and Outer.” The poet states, “This collection of poems is the outcome of an inner journey trying to explore mysteries of mind and secrets of cosmos.” Philosophical in its approach the book finds man’s mind as mysterious and grand as the universe outside it. The poet finds beauties in those mysteries and that may be the salvation for man for all the pain life causes him. The book also has poems on other aspects of life: living, poetry, earth, and other. Most of the poems are easy to understand. They are generally short, which are interspersed with the longer ones. There seems to be no particular order which organizes the poems.

The poet right in the beginning says that words are divine, very well said! as the words for a poet are like the colors for a painter, meaningful to him both intellectually and emotionally like in no other form of writing. In the poem, Well Said, the poet describes the voraciousness of human mind:

When stomach is full,

It keeps mum.

But the mind,

More you feed,

More it asks.

In the poem, Disappointment, he writes about how a person may fail to remember even his best friend, pushing him to even more loneliness than before. Human desperation and fragility is stated in this line from the poem, Distance: “I long for a hand-cup of water.” Man’s propensity to

destroy is depicted in the following line from the poem, Fusion, Fissure of Life and Death: But, man fissures and fuses atoms to annihilate one and all. Attempt at demystifying life is made in the poem, Prayer:

What, after all, I am?

Effect of past and

Cause of future!

Another unveiling of life in the poem, Rehearsal: You are a casual byproduct of the entire cosmic dynamics. The value of a song to a human being is very well stated in the poem, Singing Truth:

Sing I must,

In song alone

Truth appears nude,

Beautiful, simple and free!

Poetic state of mind is described in the poem, Strange:

I do not remember it,

Its memory is faint, delicate and feeble,

Like a shifting boundary line between dream and reality.

Sometimes dreams appear to be real,

Yet, other times, reality fades out for dream.

Time's changeling!

The mystery of nature is uncovered in the poem ,The Deep:

So many waves

And so much noise

Still, so big a sea in calm and cool!

The mystery of human life is described in the poem, Transcendence:

Continuity, mystery and eternity

Weave web of times,

Birth, life, and death!

Plumbing the mysterious universe of human unconsciousness in the poem, Unconscious:

It seems to be dark nothingness

That forms the core from a single atom to grand universe

From simple organism to complex man,

Like the vacuous centre of a storm.

The poet has beautifully written about the birth of a poem in the poem, Poetry:

It comes only

When you are no more!

Excepting your heart's beat

And lungs breathe!

When your eyes see nothingness,

And you mind hears silence,

It comes,

Of its own!

Reflecting on the effect of time on life and agonizing over the future of mankind in the poem,
When?:

What is the direction?

Where is the promised land?

Who'll be the messiah?

When'll be the end of journey or me?

In the last poem, Light, the poet describes the mystery, beauty, and power of light: Quiet flows
that Light in ever creative harmony!

Mr. Dheena Subramanian has assembled a variety of elegant poems, suffused with universal emotions, which touch the heart and make the mind think, and which has been appropriately titled, Inner and Outer. The gamut of intellectualization and poetic emotion has been generously used. The subject is difficult and it lends to reason that a clearer elucidation of the ideas could be made but poetry must have its music and emotion, which may interfere with that.

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Author's Preface

Poem is relatively a more serious expression. Its conception, contemplation and manifestation require very often closer observation of inner mechanism of creativity by the poet. Economy of words, waited for, springs up new patterns and arrangement of words that surprises the author himself with unexpected ideas and meanings! Hence they are called divine! Harmony of its ideas exhibits an inner rhythm.

Ideas in poems are closely linked and their semantic concentration warrants serious attention from the reader. Some words or a phrase or a sentence in some poems may work like keys to open hidden treasures in reader's own mind or sometimes may be capable of developing a creative pressure in the reader as well.

The poems in this collection are signposts marked during journeys through dark alleys of the mind in search of mysteries of nature, inner and outer. Those who venture similar travels may enjoy them.

ANONYMOUS

It is not 'I'

who writes this.

because only when I am not I,

something descends, unseen, upon me or

something ascends from, nowhere, within me,

and gets it written.

Since it is written with my fingers, pen and papers

I call it mine!

Who knows whose?

BEFORE ME!

Where was I

before I was conceived?

Was I in mother's ovum?

emerging out of bloody nebula

oozing out of her entire system

Was I in that tiny bubble?

spinning and rocking

on the shores of womb,

devoid of a centre?

Was I in father's sperm?

speeding like lightning

to pierce through to the core

setting in motion vibration of life?

Was I in a static sphere?

waiting to sneak through

as an image of leading sperm?

Where was I

Before I was me?

WELL SAID

When stomach is full,

It keeps mum.

But the mind,

More you feed,

More it asks.

“What is Life?”

‘The present is the effect of the past and cause for the future!’

“What is Love?”

‘In balance fuses to create

In stress collide to break!’

“What is Death?”

‘Holiday for stock-taking!’

“What is..?”

‘When will you stop questioning?’

I intervened before it completed.

“When you don’t bother answering!”,

Came the swift reply.

AMERICA

America! O! America!

Stretching thousands of miles,

Not run past

By a colt galloping into a Stallion,

Whose treading hooves

Sending vibrations of a rhythm

Echoing that echoes against mountains,

Melting and floating over a bubbling stream,

Whispering pride of freedom

To the leaves of grass,

Swaying to falcons soaring into sky,

Land, Rock, water, wind, and sky,

Were all once strung by thread of life!

NATIVES

America! O! America!

Who were they?

Where they came from?

Were they the sprouts of your own soil?

Or wreckage-remnants washed ashore?

Who were they?

Those Red-Indians!

Whose bows and arrows,

Knives and axes

Knelt before barrels of gun,

Castrating oxen

Yoking burden

Of History

Old, bold and gold.

A pinch of salt dissolved in ocean

Of speed, pleasure, violence and death!

BLESSING IN DISGUISE

More than pain

Joy is unbearable!

While grief anchors down one still,

Excitement scatters all over

Wrecking and rocking wild shores!

“BLIND-FOLD”

The past is killed

Memory is blank!

What is the present?

Bundles of puzzles!

A blink for a blink!

BORDERLINE SELF

Why this tendency towards non-existence?

Why this urge of merging with nothingness?

Is it an indifferent escape from harsh realities?

Is it an illusory capture of the ultimate real?

Is it possible to transcend all past lives to return as primeval light?

Is it feasible to shed all desires and thoughts by humming with universal vibrations?

Is it a mistaken outward Journey for an Inner one?

How does an Inner Voyage witness similar cosmos?

Before the Inner eyes expands the Buffer Darkness,

There is no day or night,

Except occasional flickers or rare brightness.

Particles of sound and waves of images collide, fuse and fissure,

Ideas, big and small, rotate and revolve,

With emotions and thoughts held in their magnetic field,

To be their errands on demand.

The mind merely observes,

It can not step into the floating sphere

Lest, would be lost into oblivion.

The mind simply watches, standing on the edge.

Each and everything slips, unaware, into the darkness.

The mind can not call back.

But, very often shifts and rarely pearls are thrown ashore,

Ready to be washed away!

The watchful mind picks up pearls.

The mind's prayers, often, go unanswered,

Still, when least expected,

It pours down tearing the roof!

CARBON AND BLANK SHEETS

I am written on and through,
Overwritten on and on and through,
The last written merging with the first written,
Through the intermediates written,
Like a collage indistinguishable,
Like a unique compound inseparable,
Except a word here and a word there,
All out of joint and whither,
Now meaning one and then another,
Leaving, at last, nothing but non-sense.
When will I become a Book of Books?
A Blank mind decoding all the minds,
Words pure and simple appearing
And all disappearing when no more needed.
Like a silent current flowing unseen,
Transcending, Time and Space, being nothing?!

“CERTAINTY OF UNCERTAINTY”.

Each boat,

Rocked by innumerable waves,

From infinite angles,

Drifting away from the set direction and the desired destination

Washes ashore,

A destined island.

CUCKOOS CRY

Maybe

I was a premature baby abruptly excited

Searching still for the womb of nature

Taking refuge in the shade of dark leaves or thick bushes,

Calling her deep...deep in the Time past,

Never getting the answer back!

Maybe

I had a congenital loss

Of a link of gene in the web of instincts,

Lacking urge to build my own nest.

So, I lay eggs in the crow's.

From a distance, I watch

Crows and cuckoo hatch.

Impulsively, I, approach,

Excited, my baby cries,

Alarmed, mother crow chases me out!

I cry for my mother,

I cry for my child.

Neither comes back, but just an echo of my call!

CYCLIC

Round and round and round

Sailing all along

Different latitudes,

Islands emerge and sink

Elegies and lullabies merge

In an echo that is drowned

By waves that rise and fall

Fall to rise again!

DIRECT!

Please,

Don't...don't follow me.

It is a waste of life!

My way is as different as my destination.

Ask your inner self,

The answer lies in you and you alone.

If there is no direction,

Be assured,

Your destiny is too far,

Your path has not still been laid down,

And your time of departure has not been yet scheduled.

Till then, wait!

DISAPPOINTMENT

A few casual acquaintances came, talked with me and have gone.

My immediate neighbors came, played with me and went off.

I am alone!

Meanwhile, it seems,

My best friend ever,

Had come to stay with me.

His knocks at my door,

Still echo, disappointed.

I try to recollect and identify him,

In vain.

I am terribly left alone!

DISTANCE

I feel thirsty,
Though I am surrounded/by fresh-water lakes
In a land of refuge,
Though I get profusely wine and honey
In a foreign country,
Still I long for a hand-cup of water
Water of my own land!
Blood flowing veins
Crave for its smell,
Primary memory
Enacts its taste.
Though my land is famine-stricken,
Though my soil looks for the skies,
Still, drops, dripping from the rocks,
Preserved like pearls in hard shells,
Smell like my father,
Sweet like my mother,
Oh! How I thirst for water of my land!
Present likens a dream
Future, dream in a dream!
When will it be the dawn?

When shall I return home?

When shall I quench the thirst for my land!

EVE'S CRY

Never, never I thought you would part me,

Why, you could have asked me,

Gladly, I would have let you free!

Was it not our terms to complement each other?

Have we not known compulsion hinders compassion?

If I had ever known it,

At least,

I could have got prepared!

But, why?

Why did you part like that?

So bluntly, so violently, so crudely and so cruelly...

The holocaust's blast mutilated my core,

Oozing blood curdled and serum stinky,

Writhing and wrenching pain sucking up all energy

And spitting out like scattered straw,

Burning within and without,

The radiating agony sweeping from string of hair to nail of toe...

The present dissolves deep,

And the past resurrects,

The memory of loss revives,
With that the yearning for you!

Can't you come back?
A few movements of moment,
Shall soothe lightly the wound fresh still,
If not completely get it healed.
Can't you ever come back?

Why, say, why did you ever part me like that?
So desperately, so impatiently, so restlessly to be your own...
It was a full moon-lit night,
The moon was so near,
Caressing every being with her breezy touch
Covering everything in dreamy slumbers...
Suddenly you fell me
With a lightning thunder,
I stood aghast,
And you are no more to be seen!
You disappeared!

FEELING DEATH

I feel I am going to die,

As mysteries of Life, Love and Death unfolds,

As there is nothing to be told

I feel I am going to die.

I feel I am going to die,

As the body's organs pretend stopping,

Having lost the purpose of their hopping,

I feel I am going to die.

I am afraid I am going to die,

Though the mind expect the unexpected,

Still, something somewhere objects...but,

I feel I am going to die.

FUSION FISSION OF LIFE AND DEATH

Hydrogen fused and re-fused to form the soil and the oceans,

Oxygen fused to forge the ozone,

Soil and ocean fused to bear plants and fishes,

Organisms fused and cross-fused to mutate man's flesh,

Plants fissure water air light and soil

Organisms, animals fissure plants and proteins,

They all grow, live and die to let live,

But, man fissures and fuses atoms to annihilate one and all,

To let death and darkness forever to cover over all!

GRAND PARENTS

The sun and the moon are parents,
Whole day and night, they are caring!

Coming bright in the morning
Going light in the evening
The sun makes life all glowing!

Taking charge in the night
Singing cool till the light
The moon keeps all sleeping!

The sun and the moon are Rangers,
Saving the Earth from strangers.

Guarding from the speeding stars,
Burning down stray meteors,
The sun shields all safer!

Freezing all the Star-dust
Putting germs into rest

The moon does her best!

HAPPENING

If it is a Scheme celestial

Precise to the nano-second,

What can do the human interference?

Seemingly influential and halting

Yet, in finality, superfluous,

But triggering further the course of its execution!

HUMILITY

On the shore

Vast is the earth,

Wide is the sky,

Big is the ocean,

How small I am!

“IF NOT I”

I imagine

What I would be

If not writing poems,

A crab walking sideways

Looking suspiciously at everything,

Scared even by the sound of waves,

Running back to take refuge,

In to a small black hole.

Or

A mouse tearing constantly

One or another into tatters

To let not the sharp teeth growing

And piercing one's own self,

Or

A mere government employee

Tiring like a willing slave

Carrying rumors and telling tales

Usurping promotion

Taking grudge of others into the grave,

Having no friends

To say a word of grief or joy

Bequeathing nothing to posterity

Leaving no trace in history

Except the remarks

‘Good’ or ‘Satisfactory’

In service register and confidential report

Bundled to records section

With a label,

‘May be destroyed after three years!’

IN VAIN

Like, bees in swarm, humming the same tune,
Playing ceaseless dance in electron fashion,
Gathering honey from flowers far and near,
Thoughts sing, dance and labors all hours,
Till the stick of Death, strikes the mind,
To squeeze away all, that was stored.

KISS

Lips to lips

Whisper secrets of love

In breathless silence

And semi-darkness,

Witnessed by tinges of blood

Suppressed by a glittering smile!

LAST DAY OF JUDGMENT

Rotten corpses,
Corroded skeletons
Dusty ashes and
Suffocating fumes,
Can not rise from the graves or crematoriums.

But, on your last day of breath,
When your door is opened by death,
You are caught alone,
No relatives neither friends
Nor even Gods come to bail you out.

You are left all...all alone,
You are yourself...
To decide yourself!
No summons, you are the witness!
No adjournments,
Everything is evident!
No arguments,
Just the judgment reserved!

No multiple choices

Just binary!

Pronounce

Either cessation of Birth

Or sentence of Life!

To be or not to be

The final verdict!

MIND

A city- traffic congested,
With vehicles long and short, high and low,
Running helter skelter as 'L' board drivers,
Going round and round losing sense of directions,
Wasting time without knowing,
Leaving space with suffocating smoke,
Crashing one over another,
Raising cries of non-sense,
Jamming everything to halt,
Releasing howls of horns,
Striking fore-head and cursing fate,
Vehicles move on and on to repeat the same.

Wait till all slow down and get parked,
Let it be dark but the starry night is enough
Be silent and be patient,
Don't look back in anxiety.
Suddenly, a vehicle comes in lightning speed,
Lifting you up along grand landmarks and new vistas,
Dropping you at the desired destination

For you to recollect in tranquility!

MUSEUM

Though it is my next door,

I have not gone through

Except throwing occasional glances!

Friends speak,

Of its splendid architecture

Whose bright domes, stupendous pillars

Intricate carvings and delicate images

Unveil the unseen out of the seen!

Of its mysterious silence

Echoing from one hall to another

Whispering hidden secrets

Of time-long treasures!

Of many familiar exhibits

And several that delude faint memory

Moving like a dream in reality!

But,

At the thresh hold itself

I stand aghast!

ONCE!..FOREVER!

I thought

I had forgotten you

Completely

I would never remember again

Even if a friend reminds

I would brush it aside.

But, the very same probing stare of your eyes

That tore my heart thread bare once

Haunts me now again

Drifting my mind into deep past

Anchoring into unfathomable sadness.

I know pretty well

The past can not be rewound

And played once more now.

But the heart nostalgic

Harbors the single thought

Of going back in Time

And putting things in order once for ever!

Oh! How much I long for a time machine!

OURS AND YOURS

We write with perspiration and perseverance
Under the streak of cloudy light omnipresent,
Hearing the chance tune of eternal music.

But, yours seem to be
The Lightning compressed of all lights and
The universal vibration being Source of all Creations.

OUT WITHIN

Mind addictive

Craves for excitement

Caused by sensations

Be it by

Smoking joint, sipping peg

Kissing girl or

Writing poem.

All you can have

Or at least buy,

But not a poem.

You can not force out

A premastered child

Or Caesarian

For a still-born one.

Wait, you have to

Till the slow moving worm

Eats up its green share

Sleeps deep in cocoon

To wake up as butter-fly
Fluttering here and there
Bringing joys to eyes that behold!

“POEMS ON”

Leaves of grass,
Nobody sows nor grows,
They come with a pour of rains,
And grow with the shine of Sun!

PRAYER

I see

My body is not mine

But, an interim byproduct

Of an autonomous process

That began hundreds and thousands of years ago.

I understand

My mind is not mine

But, an incomplete imitation

Of history and times

Except occasional and random deviations

And romantic flirtations with the unseen.

I realize

My soul is not mine

But a lump of intricate energy

Unable to disintegrate earlier

Attempts now to dissipate into nothingness.

What else can I claim as mine?

What can I do against Time?

By resistance I had lost
What otherwise I'd have gained was ordained
Measured is measured
Nothing gets altered.

I surrender
Body, mind and soul!
Let happen whatever!
What, after all, I am?
Effect of past and
Cause of future!

In the present,
I am just rolling like a coin swaying!

REHEARSAL

Our birth was not our wish,
Can our death be at our will?

You are not the son or daughter
Of your father and mother.

You are not the play thing
Tossed up and down by planets.

You are not the chosen being
Reigned by the converging field of stars.

You are a casual by-product of the entire cosmic dynamics!

Through all and whole mediums

You are not made of brain and stomach,

Bones and blood,

Lungs and heart,

Tissues and nerves.

Corpses have all these, yet lack life.

Life is unseen and immeasurable.

Sit in silence,

Relax,

Stomach heaves,

Lungs pump,

Heart beats,

Hemispheres join and part,

All slow down,

A stillness, darkness,

Nothingness,

Taste death!

REJUVENATION

When existence is in question,

Nothing is interesting.

Neither name nor fame

Neither money nor title

Nothing, nothing is exciting!

All dreams and expectations,

So dearly nourished and cherished,

Wanting time

Become hopeless!

All philosophical conclusions

So painfully arrived at

Needing space

Become illusions.

What all needed is,

So precious required

Restful energy of peace,

Calm and quietude!

Survival is the noblest prize!

“RESURRECTIONS”

Is Emerson dead?

No! No!

His words spoken or written down

Are not sounds or letters

But his spirit, in sublime slumber

That wakes up at the slightest touch

And makes you wonder dissolving the universe in you

Or you in the universe,

Which, in process, is one and the same

Devoid of any dimension

But with that poetic silence!

That utters hitherto unknown secrets of life!

ST. JUDAS

Judas Iscariot betrayed Jesus

Not for thirty silvers

But to avoid wrath of Roman Empire

Against the innocent masses.

But, later, knowing the conspiracy

Of Business community

Which can kill its own kith and kin

For the sake of money and money,

Threw the coins on their faces.

Finding no way to save the innocent man,

Feeling guilty for what he had done,

Hanged himself from a tree

Before Jesus was hung from the cross.

Believing him from even before resurrection.

Weaving carpet with his blood

To lay the path in the skies

For the arrival of the Christ!

He baptized himself with his life!

Long live Judas Iscariot, the Saint!

POETIC

Seed is not tree!

It needs soil formed over the ages.

Warm drips sprinkling syllabic elements

Bursting open the treasure of nothingness

Preserving life static but potential

Present everywhere, yet unseen

Piercing gently yet strongly through,

Poking its head in to air aloud

Crying with tears of joy

Passing light through ever-green prisms

Showers spectral and kaleidoscopic blossoms!

SHOW OF SHOW

Everyone is in random flight,
Be it sunny light or winter night,
Never looking back
Lest own shadow will bark
Nor sideways
For trouble chases soft glance,
With stern face and steady look,
Suppressing spontaneous smile to reciprocate a child's joy,

Brushing aside blood as yet another fleeting scene between flickering operas,
Keeping an arm's length as radius,
Whirling in familiar yet strange spaces,
Without intersecting ripples of time,
Wanting not so to be but strung as such to be...
A grand mobile puppet-show,
Conducted by the remote puppets, again.

SILENCE SPEAKS

It was Jesus' mistake
To talk of noble things
In common tongue!

When he said,
'Man is son of God'
With divine qualities
Of selfless love and compassion
Which when realized
One will be near to God.

But Adam's heirs, the Jews
Called him a liar
And his words blasphemy!

When he spoke, in Hebrew,
Of kingdom of Heaven on Earth
Of unity beyond time and space,
They heard of Empire, in Latin,
Of rebellion, war, power and wealth.

But it was his silence unbreakable,
At last, knowing danger and futility of words,
That speaks thousands of fables,
In hundreds of tongues,
To this day,
Of his magical realism!

SINGING TRUTH

Sing I must,

In song alone,

Truth appears nude,

Beautiful, simple and free!

Her vision

Unmasks and undresses me as well.

Her soft touch

Erects my ontological position

Shows me where, what and how I am!

Her engulfing embrace

Fulfills purpose of my life!

I must sing!

SONG TO SONG

I write a song of my own.

When you read it,

You sing another song of your own!

STRANGE...

I do not remember it,
Its memory is faint, delicate and feeble,
Like a shifting boundary line between dream and reality.
Sometimes dreams appear to be real,
Yet, other times, reality fades out for dream.
Time's changeling!

Was it midnight? Or early morning?
Something aroused in me,
I was not I, still I.
There was no pre-play, a straight game,
A sure-shot!
It was all over in a... (Who knows what?)
That morning,
Feeling her abdomen, she said,
“How and why did you do that?”
Something stirs!”

TEN MONTHS

Like Janus we are,

Looking at the past already gone,

And the future yet to come,

Without enjoying the ecstatic present!

THE DEEP

So many waves

And so much noise

Still, so big a sea is calm and cool!

THE WAVES

The same noise,

Speaks different words,

In different voices,

But the sea at horizon,

Silence!

THEME-EARTH

Going up with Sunny light,
Coming down with Starry night,
Near the Sun with glittering summer
And afar with Shivering winter
Spring's chorus and autumn's silence coming between,
A jolly ride for all,
Throughout the year!
Throughout the life!
All free and quite safe,
What a roller-coaster the Earth is!

Hence Children! beware of nuclear explosions
That might cause derailment at any moment
Beyond retracting or recovery
Thrown lost for ever in to oblivion!

TOWARDS ETERNITY

Some die

As soon as they are born.

Some, lasting a while,

Embrace the ultimate end.

Some last days,

Some, weeks,

Some, months,

Some, years,

Some, Decades,

And a few, century!

But, must die everything that is born.

Life is measures of time.

Man knows, like all beings, he must also die,

But he wishes to transcend time

Hence he builds Pyramids, Coffins and Mausoleums.

But, Time, though slowly, eats up bodies.

Again, he searches for something transcending.

He remembers memory cutting across Time and absolute times.

He reminds Space, devoid of matter and motion, absolute.

He rests mind in Soul, in Space,

Mystically achieving eternity.

After all, Mystery propels life!

TOWARDS SILENCE

Comfort, over a time, causes distress,

When relieved, new comfort!

Consummated, delivers distress again.

Life continues with changes!

Hence, Impelled, organisms swim fresh waters

Defensively, seeds fly to new lands,

Impulsively, birds migrate to unknown shores,

Driven, cattle graze new pastures,

Urged, wars are fought, founding Empires!

Yet, palace puzzles, jungle solves,

Desires whither, thoughts vanish,

Wisdom blooms, Love spreads,

Action recoils, Birth ceases,

To the silent spectators of Universal Vibrations!

TRANSCENDENCE

My body, the quintessence

Of entire universe

From sub-atomic neural quantum

To black-hole corrosion or blast.

Continuity, mystery and eternity

Weave web of times,

Birth, life and death!

OFFSPRINGS

Stellar dusty lights

Spectral planetary beams

Sun's turbulent arousing

Rain's gentle caressing

Winds' massages and

Moon's tidal impregnations

Fused, diffused and infused,

All elements known and unknown

In to Adam's head or guerrilla's blood...

Cultured into mother's bed

From where I rose flowering

Witnessing joy and grief withering

I offer my poems,

At your feet, mum!

TRANSIT

Laden with the past,
Stops over to load the consigned,
Refueled afresh,
With or without new cargo,
It takes off,
For another transit...

Another transit...
Till it gets emptied,
To plunge into space beyond gravity,
A ray of light projected into the future,
Being nothing!

UNCONSCIOUS

Is it another infinite space?

Is it a constantly roaring ocean?

Is it a distant vibrant terrain?

Whatever be it,

It is a protected and forbidden sphere,

That nobody dares to enter.

If you step into it

You will be forever lost

And you will not be anymore you!

Those who had accidentally fallen into it

Had been sucked and drowned,

Inundating the entire conscious,

Breaking into all historical and social barriers,

With all filth and dirt unfiltered,

Disgusting and being casted away as insane!

When the mind is pestered with questions

And the words projected remain unuttered

And the actions suggested not undertaken,

Verbal solutions become ultimate actions,
And you call him a psychotic!

When an idea is oppressed,
And its memory is suppressed,
Having lost time and space,
The centre displaces to physical domain
Causing unbearable neurologic pain,
And you call him a neurotic.

It seems to be the dark nothingness
That forms the core from a single atom to grand universe
From simple organism to complex man,
Like a vacuous centre of a storm.

It absorbs everything
Pumped into by the senses.
(Size, Shape, Colours, Motions, Smells, Sounds, so on and so forth.)
In its random dynamics,
Images and echoes are thrown out,
And when left unexpressed,
Return back from where they came,
To come out in a dream.

It is the operator,

You are the monitor,
Just observe silence.
Don't ask questions loud,
Listen to answers whispered
Question means knowledge incomplete.
Witness, yourself, witness.

It is a strict auditor
Taking stock of all deeds,
Neither sublimating prayers to God,
Nor bribing offers to Lord,
Nor justifying charity to poor,
Can change balance of accounts.
Debt will have to be paid,
Either now or later.

Realization,
The real realization, shedding down all memory,
Alters its prolonged course, and final
And brings to a sweet and final halt!

A RIVER CITY

Just like any other bustling town,
But, the hill... relaxing like Omar Khayam in his couch
Under a thick tree of darkness
Studded with blue and orange lights
And white bright light partially seeping through green filter of leaves
And the quarter-moon descending like a wine-up
Overflowing with the mist dazzled by stars.

He, drunken, gazes at
The quiet flowing river,
With her eternal rhythm reverberating,
And cool aroma emanating,
From her tender bosoms.

She glides down slowly
Glancing him sideways
A romance in trance!

VIVALDI'S MUSIC

Flowing waves of sound

Imparting thunderous vibrations

Triggering particles of light

Guiding through archives of memory

Retrieving past in unique configuration

Enacts virtual reality

Defying all known dimensions

A wonderful world of re-creation!

POETRY

It comes only

When you are no more!

Excepting your heart's beat

And lungs' breathe!

When your eyes see nothingness,

And your mind hears silence,

It comes,

Of its own!

WHEN?

In the heart of Sahara

Between burning Sun

And scorching sands

I arose a mirage

Existing non-existence.

Time is unique

No two palms and their dates

Their shades and shapes

Their softness and sweetness

Their smell and strength

Are one and the same!

Under the shade of palms

Grow bushes

Under the shade of bushes

Shrubs

Under the shade of shrubs

Grass

Under the blades of grass

Roll drops of dew

Which the camel drinks
For its seven journeys
Time is various!

The Sun wakes up and
Looks into mirrors of sand!
Every grain becomes a Sun.
An ocean of Suns
Drowning one and all
In their light and heat.

The moon comes
As though on the moon
Breathlessly calm and
Terribly cool!

Ours was a small caravan
That went for a trodden path.

I allowed myself to be lost
In an oasis
To set an unknown route.

What is the direction?
Where is the promised land?

Who'll be the messiah?

When'll be the end of journey or me?

WILD GAME

When you walk along Now,

You hear the breeze playing soft melody

Plants dancing to the tune gracefully,

A cock walking like a king

The Earth feeling proud to be trodden,

And the omnipresent in you, identifying with all, floating ecstatic.

But, when memory bypasses into dream,

Money glitters on the bundled corpses of medicinal herbs.

Tongue salivates at the glimpse of chicken dish.

And the Devils of Time playing you tug of war.

CLOSED BOOK

When you are born

You do not know

Where you come from

Or to where you are up to.

You cry for a clap

And smile for a laughter.

You make sounds and gestures they do not understand

They make sounds and gestures you do not understand.

Finally, they win, you are lost.

You echo their language.

Rehearse their show and move like a shadow.

But the onus of origin

And the purpose of existence

Nag you now and then.

Everywhere you seek

Everyone you ask

For answers incomplete.

At last,

You look within your self

Fetters open and chains break

Questions are being answered and puzzles solved

Meanwhile, alas, meanwhile...

You are called to grave

And your book remains closed!

LOST WITHIN

Eyes upward

Mind searching inside

Booster consciousness plunging deep

Falls back splintering in to ashes

But the payload speeds past on and on

Without effort or any regret

Zooming on without hurdle

No chance or necessity

For turning back.

Journey in to dark nothingness endless

An addiction anonymous!

ANONYMOUS

Absolute space,
Devoid of dimensions,
Where opposites harmoniously meet,
Where light and darkness co-exist,
Where sound and silence are concurrent,
Where motion and statics are similar,
Where curves are particles,
Where time is eternally present,
Eludes conception by the mind!

Its total vibration is universal music
Of beginning, process and end synchronous
Cause being effect!

Free flowing dust
Bright and dark
In multitudinous shades
Being here and nowhere!

Enlightened are the ones
Who catch a glimpse of it

To cherish like a pearl in the mind.

Blessed are the ones

Who hear the music

To be in trance.

It is the abode of those

Who wither desires recurring

Who cease thoughts relentless

Whose actions are in harmony with inner nature

Whose words submerge all in compassion.

That something is anonymous

But it pervades us all and everything!

FLOATS...

Floats, everything floats

From an electron to the Universe, all float!

Atom floats, molecule floats,

Fire in the air floats,

Air in the sky floats,

Water on the soil floats

Air, Fire and Water, through plants, float

Through fishes float

We all with the earth float

Fragrance, visions and sounds float

Thought of the mind, through neurons, floats

Speeches float and gestures float,

The moon and the planets float

The Sun with the system floats

The galaxy floats in the Milky Way that floats

The Universe by itself floats

The past and the future, in the present, float.

Though everything seems to float in random fashion

Everything, with an unseen scheme, is in precise motion.

REBIRTH

During this recyclic journey

Vehicles break down, collapse, collide, hang, sink and burst

But the energized collage memory of cry and laughter,

Merry and melancholy,

Courage and frustration

Guilt and pride

Loss and gain

Fear and peace undecomposed

In its light flight finds its own image in some mirror

And settles down quickly unseen as dew.

To continue on and on...

Till the refracted spectral segments fuse in to pure light

Wanting no mirror or medium shines stealthily still!

A MOTHER'S CRY!

Of course

We had known each other's root

Still, knowing is not the same as understanding.

It is displacement of one

For the deep presence of the other.

I had played several roles

But, you a dummy,

As in a Greek drama.

Perhaps,

We had known each other too much

That's why signs are here euphemisms;

And arguments and counter arguments continue through dreams!

Endorsing Freudian analysis!

Albeit,

I have to pull along

As I am chained by tender creepers.

I know my words are weightless.

Still, I must shout now and then

At least within,

“You buggar! You buggar!”

To keep myself sane till the dawn!

AN OPEN LETTER

Dear sons and daughters,

Though at times you are cruel to me,

Still you are dear to me

Because you are mine, very much mine!

You do not know what you are doing

To yourself and to me and in turn

To your own sons and daughters,

Grandsons and grand daughters.

Some of you know

What is being done is wrong.

Still you do not tell others

Because your life is at stake.

If someone cries in desperation,

He goes unheard

And assigned to mental asylum.

Some of you know

What is to be done.

Yet you do not come out with it

Because you want to make profit out of it.

Profit! Profit! More profit!

That's what killing everybody!

I offered, still I offer

So many things to you

But, you are choosy, greedy and selfish!

I am not worried about me

Your old, patient and silent mother.

But...your own sons and daughters

Their sons and daughters and

Their sons and daughters...

They are all my sons and daughters too!

I am more worried about their future!

You all come and go doing what you want

Confessing sometimes at the last minute at your death-bed.

But many are too busy

Even then... about their money.

Never looking within!

Never in peace!

But, I stand here as a mute witness.

How can a mother give evidence against her own sons and daughters?

I offer you milk

But, you want to drill out my blood!

Yes I offer you trees springing up all over me

But you pump out the very oil that keeps me running smooth!

I offer you bricks and stones

You build skyscrapers.

You need energy of course.

But you play with atoms

About which you do not have absolute control.

The wounds you have inflicted on me

Still burn and radiate with pain.

Bear it, I must!

But, if I cause floods and fumes,

Storms and quakes,

Don't blame me!

I have to balance and adjust myself

To keep myself in tact and

To keep on moving!

I myself do not know when and how

Whether I would disintegrate and cease to exist.

I know that you are born to be wise!

If you want to do something, do it now!

It's not too late,

Yes, it's not too late!

But all I can say is,

Be aware!

That's it!

Yours loving mom,

Earth!

LIGHT

Light animated flows

Engulfing matter fusing and dissolving!

Like a stream it floats

But glides up and

Slides back as well.

Dimensions and directions are infinite!

Its moves are random

But inter-dependent

Yet defying patterns!

Quiet flows that Light in ever creative harmony!

About the Author: Dheenadayalan Subramanian was born in India. He studied at Voorhees High School and Voorhees College,Vellore; Studied M.A.English Literature at Presidency College, Chennai and Bachelor of Law at Madras Law College, Chennai, Tamilnadu, India.

He had written poems in English and published most of them in **POET**, an international magazine. He had written and published a novel, “**Kaadhal Poyin...**” in Tamil Language. He has also authored,”**JESUS The Yogi**”, a commentary on the Gospel of Thomas.

This collection of poems is the outcome of an inner journey trying to explore mysteries of mind and secrets of cosmos.It may guide someone trying to embark on such a voyage.

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